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THE TROUBLE IN CHINA.

While conditions in China still are, and necessarily will be fore some time, unsettled, there must be more or less anxiety for the safety of the occupants of all the foreign Legations at Peking. Though ten years have elapsed since the allied forces of the Americans, British, Germans, French, Austrians, Italians, and Japanese captured the Chinese capital and relieved the Legationers, the events leading up to it and the suspense entailed until their safety was assured have not been forgotten.

Russia, Germany, and Great Britain had been acquiring territorial concessions in China, and France was endeavoring to secure one, all of which were resented by the Chinese people though favored by the Dowager Empress, while the Emperor had but little support. Prince Tuan proclaimed his nine-year-old son heir presumptive to the throne. Himself an athlete, the Prince had a following of young athletic men, known as Boxers, who revolted, massacred missionaries in the interior of the country, and attacked the foreign Legations at Peking, being finally joined in this movement by the Imperial troops.

The Chinese Ministry, believed to be unfriendly to the foreigners, either could not or would not protect the Legations, and the outside world was in suspense as to the fate of their occupants. This condition continued until it became known that Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, had been massacred by Chinese soldiers. Immediately, Vice-Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, began a march upon Peking but he was obliged to turn back after suffering several hundred casualties. The allied forces then stormed Tien-tsin, which was captured with a heavy loss of killed and wounded, and the Emperor of China appealed for peace to President McKinley, who insisted that free communication must first be allowed with the Legations.

Field Marshal von Waldersee, of the German army, led the final march of the allied forces on Peking, the Americans being the first to enter the city. The Emperor and Empress had fled, the Legationers were relieved and told many thrilling stories of their danger and distress, the first news of which had reached the United States in a cipher message from Minister Conger, which read "Still besieged; situation more precarious;" indicating that earlier news of the situation had been sent to Washington but never reached its destination. China was compelled to erect a monument to Baron von Ketteler, apologize to Emperor William, and pay an indemnity of $300,000,000., a part of the American indemnity being remitted by the United States about a year ago.

China, unfortunately, is the one country in the world about which the least is known, and concerning current events there it is difficult to acquire quick and reliable news. It may be taken for granted, however, that the Powers, having received intimation that the Legations were in danger, will be quick to act either jointly or severally, and that the present representatives of the United States, Minister Rockhill, and other occupants of the American Legation will not be permitted to remain at the mercy of either Chinese regulars or revolutionists without prompt action being taken for their relief.

PROTECTION FOR COFFEE.

The intimation received from Mr. James F. Morgan that some degree of Protection may be given to American-grown coffee is of the greatest interest to this Territory, more so, perhaps, in a way, than the news of the additional appropriations to be asked of Congress for Honolulu, Hilo, and Pearl Harbors. These last were bound to come. They were a natural sequence of the projects already started, while the suggestion of aid for our coffee industry was unexpected, at least thus early in the tariff discussions now being held before the Republican representatives in Congress.

Coffee has heretofore been on the tariff free list because there was no section of the United States that produced it, and it was used as a sort of reciprocal trader with South American countries, in which they got the long end of the stick and we handled the butt. But the events of the last ten years have added Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines to the United States, all of them being coffee-producers capable of growing a better quality of the bean than is, for the most part, imported, and able to supply in a few years a considerable proportion of the quantity consumed on the mainland.

Protection assured for American-grown coffee, a long step will have been made toward the settlement of the small-farm question, for it is essentially the one crop that is particularly adapted for cultivation and marketing by the homesteader and his family. For the time being there seems to be a surplus of canned pineapples and our stocks are not moving freely to market. The sugar outlook will not be improved if Mr. Taft gets his own way in regard to the Philippine sugar, the only thing that can save us in that respect being a special schedule, applying to our cane and the American beet product, with a sliding upward scale as the Philippine product comes into market, that scale to equal the difference between the cost of production there and here.

Under these circumstances it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Morgan's indication of Protection for American coffee may be fully realized.

EDWARD ATKINSON'S APPEAL.

Hon. Edward Atkinson of Boston is known throughout the United States as one of the ablest economic writers in the country, and his studies and deductions from statistics are always read with interest and often accepted as authoritative, especially by those who have neither the time nor the inclination to delve into such subjects and draw their own deductions.

At the same time, Mr. Atkinson is a dyed-in-the-wool Free Trader and the arguments he has set forth in support of his theories have heretofore been extremely amusing. As there has been no occasion for tariff discussions for many years, Mr. Atkinson has not recently had an opportunity to let himself loose in this respect, and he must have been awaiting the promised revision of the tariff with the utmost zest.

Mr. Atkinson is known as one of the cheap-coat tariff brigade and can never be brought to answer an argument on the assertion that "a cheap coat makes a cheap man." His idea is that there should be no tariff on clothing, that it should all be admitted free of duty from England, Germany, and other countries where wages are lower and it can be produced more cheaply than in the United States. If this were done, of course all the clothing factories in the United States would have to be closed, the workers in them would be idle, earning no wages and unable even to buy the cheap clothes made abroad. It was in President Cleveland's time, under the Wilson bill, that we had some little experience of this kind, and then depots were established in all the large Eastern cities where clothing had to be given away free to men, women, and children in order to save them from shivering to death.

But now Brother Atkinson is devoting his attention to a warmer clime, that of Cuba. He asks for a reduction in the tariff on sugar produced in the Island Republic, a differential rate that will favor the foreign island's cane-growers and sugar manufacturers.

Ordinarily it would be supposed that Mr. Atkinson were making this appeal on behalf of his great and good friends, the American people, a sort of free-breakfast-table cry, just as he clamored for the cheap coat for the man who was out of work and had no money with which to buy the coat. The thousands of men who work in the beet fields and factories of the mainland cut no ice with Mr. Atkinson, it is something special that he wants for the labor of Cuba and, incidentally, for the capital invested there, a part of which belongs to Mr. Edward Atkinson himself, who owns a sugar plantation in Cuba. It is not any free breakfast table that he wants for the American people, but his clamor is for a tariff crumb for Edward Atkinson.

TO WAR ON POLYGAMY.

The opposition to polygamy in the United States will not down. While the attempt to oust Reed Smoot from the United States Senate because of his connection with the Mormon church met failure, the women of the United States are determined to wage an unceasing war on polygamy.

During the recent convention of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, Mrs. S. B. Potter of Evanston, Ill., secretary of the mission work in Utah, offered a resolution that Congress pass an anti-polygamous amendment to the constitution. The resolution was adopted unanimously by the convention. In calling attention to the importance of action as manifested in the resolution, Mrs. Potter declared that she had found Utah the most difficult field ever entered by the Home Missionary Society. She requested that the delegates, after adjournment, charge themselves with the task of agitating the portions of the country into which they were going to a revolt against polygamy.

Men are prone to wink at evils which, if tolerated for any length of time, may require heroic efforts to extirpate them. While the Mormons now declare that they do not practice polygamy, there is enough evidence to show that the church in Salt Lake City is promoting marriages which are contrary to law.

The lack of morality in the tenets of the cult established by Joseph Smith cannot be questioned. A century hence our posterity will wonder that such an anomalous condition as that presented by the Mormon church in Utah could exist in this country. Between polygamy and the divorce courts, the stability of the American home has been seriously threatened for some years past. It is to be hoped that the movement recently inaugurated by the women who attended the convention in Philadelphia will bear the fruit which will be represented in an anti-polygamous amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

DIVORCE, A NATIONAL CURSE

(By CARDINAL GIBBONS)

"Divorce is one of the crying evils of the day, in which the Church is vitally interested. Our stand is unassailable. There should be no divorce at all; it pleases me immensely to hear that Bishop Greer (successor to the late Bishop Potter) and other prominent members of other churches feel as we do in the Catholic Church.

"Divorce today, and I say it without reserve, is the one great black spot upon American civilization. It is terrible, unspeakable, outrageous. The number of divorces in the United States in proportion to the population is the greatest in the world. Think of that stain on our escutcheon!

"The salvation of society depends upon the family. The salvation of the family depends upon the preservation of the marriage bond for all time. Dissolve the marriage bond and you virtually dissolve society. Only when the sanctity of the marriage tie and the obligations of the family relation are more fully realized, and religious training in the family becomes more general, may we look for better conditions in society at large, and not until then.

"The great crimes and scandals which are exciting so much comment nowadays can be traced directly to a lack of sanctity in the family relations. It is not so much marriage, but the sacredness of marriage, which must be recognized. Until then society can hardly hope to improve.

"The Church takes an unalterable position with regard to divorce — there can be none for any cause whatsoever. If people contemplating matrimony realized this and found out beforehand whether they were suited to one another, there wouldn't be so much work for the divorce courts to do.

"Marriage is a woman's destiny. It is the aim of her life. Her work should be for her husband and her children and her home. Anything that interferes with her in this, her true sphere, is wrong, and divorce does that. Family purity is the one and great cure for social ills."

FRIENDS

(By E. S. Goodhue, M.D., Holualoa, Hawaii.)

However, true "indeed" the "friend in need" may be, I do not think that this aphoristic conception of his relation to us is quite worthy of the real office of a true friend.

It is the friend we do not need financially but morally and socially, year in and year out, who gives us a sense of sure foundation and makes life not only enjoyable but potential.

Few of us ever have occasion to call on a friend for material aid, or, at least, we all of us try hard so to arrange our business affairs that our own reserves may be available for accidents and contingencies.

I am afraid that even our true friends would regard us askance if we considered them valuable assets to our personal finances. Harold Skimpole friends may be entertaining and loveable, but for a man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, they may prove uncomfortable partizans.

The man of good business sense is suspicious of such characters, and his grounds are probably reasonable.

Of course, there are cases where financial support or direct assistance of a friend is timely and legitimate, and quite in the line of disinterested friendship, but men who need this sort of aid even in their sorest straits, are very slow to accept any proffer until they have tried every other available source which may be secured on strictly business lines.

Sad experience has shown that those who are in the habit of applying readily to their friends for loans or note-endorsements, are also in the habit of repudiating their obligations, and breaking up their friendships and often their friends in the bargain. The experience so well rendered by the poet is an old one:

"At length with money came my friend, which pleased me wondrous well. I got my money but my friend, away quite from me fell. Now, had I money and my friend, as I have had before, I'd keep my money and my friend, and play the fool no more."

A sadder experience and perhaps a less common one, is where both money and friend come up missing.

However, this only shows that the borrower was never a real friend. He would have payed back, if not in money, in the more valuable gratitude of a sincerely honest heart.

I know a man whose friend lost him $1500, and yet he remains loyal to this friend, and would resent the least suggestion of blame against him. He is a rare philosopher, let us confess. But he is also a true friend. I do not believe that we ever "lose" a friend; once a friend always a friend.

But we are often deceived by insincerity, dishonesty and disloyalty playing the role of disinterested friendship.

Or the well-meaning have failed to stand the test which comes to all sooner or later; the test of real affection and regard.

"Et tu, Brute," is a painful but sometimes necessary exclamation rising out of the depths of experience.

The one we have depended upon goes over to the enemy. He has his excuses no doubt, but his stab touches the quick, nothing can quite undo it.

One of the keenest thrusts I ever suffered came from a friend whose companship I still remember with a pang.

He was in great financial distress; needy to the point of waning money to get away from the scene of his disappointments.

He came to me with tears in his eyes, and with tears in my heart I said, "Take this," handing him all the available cash I had.

"I want no note; pay the amount back when you are able."

He took the money, one hundred dollars, went away and entered new work in a place.

He was successful in his new venture, wrote me of comforts that he was able to get his family, but not a word about the money I had let him have.

After a few years I myself needed money very badly, so I wrote to my friend asking him if he could spare the $100; asking him in a way which put me in the place of a borrower.

His reply came, vigorous, harsh.

He needed the money, too. I had told him that he could pay it back when he was ready. Well, I could wait or go to H—— for it.

That was all.

I always feel the sting of this ingratitude.

I folded the letter up, and after a few days, I addressed it to my friend adding a note, stating that I was sure he would want the letter back in his own possession and not mine; that in any case it must not be where it could remind me of him.

Did I forget him as he used to be? Not at all. I have since defended his name and character from attacks.

And I recognize that his faults are those of temperament, and that he may in time suppress them sufficiently to make him a safe and loyal friend.

The worth of a friend, too, is due in a great measure to our sense of faith and security in his friendship; that no matter what happens he will be a friend if we truly remain his.

It is something like the confidence of business men in the financial stability to the country.

In that confidence almost any great business enterprise may be carried on.

So if your friend does not get a letter from you for months and months, he says, to himself, Letters go astray, mine may not have reached him, he may be sick, there is some good reason why he has not answered my frequent messages. He makes reasonable excuse for you, and writes to you again.

Suppose he hears on rather good authority,—as authorities of the sort go now-a-days,—that his friend has said something to his discredit or spoken slightingly of him.

Suppose he is told that his friend is unworthy of respect, that he has done thus and so,—will the recipient of such news give up his friend?

Never, if he be in any wise a friend.

He will send a still more affectionate message, and if the matter be worth it, he will tell his friend all he has heard, how and from whom he heard it.

And he will believe his friend's explanation; ah, that is the precious part of it, he will believe his friend against the world.

What is life worth, what is a friend worth, what are faith and trust and God for, if we do not first of all trust and remain loyal to those who have been loyal to us?

Moreover what are we that we should drop a friend because he is not angelic; because he shows some of the human weaknesses we are so ready to excuse in our ownselves?

Has our life been immaculate? Have we always been wise enough to commit our follies SUB ROSA?

If we think so for a moment, let us consult our reminiscent Records.

One thing is sure, it is well to be a true friend to him who is a true friend of ours.

He will make mistakes, he may show temperamental deficiencies as he grows older and more like his ancestors, he may irritate us by plain speaking, his politics may be bad and his religion worse, he may prove weak when he should have been strong,—yet may he be a true friend.

Read the records of friends and see how few of them have lasted through life.

Some little difference, and away they fall.

It was Byron (himself temperamentally unfitted for friendship) who wrote this epitaph for his dog:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but ONE, and here he lies."

Surely a man who could claim no friends in this world of blessed, human friendships, must himself lack some essential bond of sympathy.

In Byron's case he did have friends like Hobhouse whom he had forgotten when he mourned his dog.

What an instance we have of the permanence of personal relations in the friendship of Hogg for Shelley, who differed on almost every single question?

But as we grow older and each of us begins to—"Dip his nose in the Gascon wine" a process of "natural selection" goes on, and with friends as with other things, there seems to be a survival of the fittest.

Trivial circumstances serve to hasten the sifting process.

The school boy has his friends whom Time wrests from him; other interests predominate and the early affection is forgotten.

At college, again, new friends are made, many of them true and permanent, but some of them to fade into forgetfulness as the sterner duties of life come on.

Then the hosts of "friends" who gather about the successful man, be he scholar, author, statesman or millionaire.

Perhaps the rich have more sycophants to avoid than any other class. These worship and serve, but fall away when success is no longer an attraction.

But Timon of Athens finds that after wealth is gone, his friends go too. One by one they drop off like glutted dogs.

The true friend looms up in all his greatness when it is his mission to stand up for the character or reputation of another; when he does it without fear or favor, or the suspicion that his own interests may suffer on account of his adherence.

Ah, the man who believes in you, who defends you, who stands by you against odds, against enemies and weak friends as well; who will not give up his respect and regard for you even at the point of the bayonet, —HE is worth more than words can express.

Let nothing ever turn you against him: NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.

After infidle life it is hard to form lasting friendships.

The old links are snapping asunder; new ones cannot be forged, and Shakespeare's advice to "grapple with hooks of steel" can hardly be applied as in the days when—

"Life was young
And love was free."

In the uneventful lives of so many of us, how evident is the shallowness of many professed friendships.

How do they make the more clear and beautiful the attachment of those who know us well and love us better?

In your life as a citizen and neighbor what varied relationships shadow the way.

Here is your enemy in all his heroic armor; spears and swords and helmets confront you: in the end, it is conquor or die.

Here glides the man with smiles and guiles.

When your castle is stormed he will slip up and deposit a poisoned arrow in the enemy's quiver.

Not far away stands your friend, ready to fight for you; ready to resent any aspersion on your character however slight; ready to say to the maker of a malicious insinuation—HE IS MY FRIEND.

God bless him, and may his tribe increase in Hawaii.

The other day I came across something in print which I had penned as a boy in a classmates album. It came before my eye by chance as a waif, and I give it out again because it is as much my own now as it was twenty years ago:

"Friends in what way, I wonder?
Must their values lie hidden
Like coins in wee toy banks
All secret till broken?
Or shall some token
Now as we go, be given or spoken?
If friends, let us be friends;
If near, friends; if far, friends—
Always in friendliness."

HOOT, MON!

"Hoot, mon!" exclaimed the Scotchman when the golfer made a bad play. "That's the third time you have told me to hoot!" exclaimed the other, angrily. "Do you take me for an auto?"—Houston Post.